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## Michel Angelo Buonarroti.

[BORN MARCH 6TH, 1475.\*]

BY C. F. CRANCH.

This is a rugged face  
Of him who won a place  
Above all kings and lords;  
Whose various skill and power  
Left Italy a dower

No numbers can compute, no tongue translate in words.

Patient to train and school  
His genius to the rule  
Art's sternest laws required,  
Yet, by no custom chained,  
His daring hand disdained.

The academic forms by tamer souls admired.

In his interior light  
Awoke those shapes of might,  
Once known, that never die;

Forms of Titanic birth,  
The elder brood of earth,  
That fill the mind more grandly than they charm  
the eye.

Yet, when the master chose,  
Ideal graces rose  
Like flowers on gnarled boughs.

For he was nursed and fed  
At Beauty's fountain-head,  
And to the goddess pledged his earliest, warmest  
vows.

Entranced in thoughts whose vast  
Imaginations passed

Into his facile hand,  
By adverse fate unfiled,  
Through loag, long years he toiled—  
Undimmed the eyes that saw, unworn the brain that  
planned.

A soul the Church's bars,  
The State's disastrous wars  
Kept closer to his youth.  
Though rough the winds and sharp,  
They could not bend or warp  
His soul's ideal forms of beauty and of truth.

Like some cathedral spire  
That takes the earliest fire  
Of morn, he towered sublime  
O'er names and fames of mark,  
Whose lights to his were dark.

Facing the east, he caught a glow beyond his time.

Whether he drew or sung,  
Or wrought in stone, or hung  
The Pantheon in the air;

Whether he gave to Rome  
Her Sistine walls or dome,  
Or laid the ponderous beams, or lightly wound the  
stair;

Whether he planned defense  
On Tuscan battlements,  
Fired with the patriot's zeal,

Where San Miniato's glow  
Smiled down upon the foe,  
Till Treason won the gates that mocked the inva-  
der's steel;

Whether in lonely nights,  
With poetry's delights  
He cheered his solitude;

In sculptured sonnets wrought  
His firm and graceful thought,  
Like marble altars in some dark and mystic wood;

Still, proudly poised, he stepped  
The way his visions swept,  
And scorned the narrower view;

He touched with glory all  
That pope or cardinal

With lower aims than his, allotted him to do.

\* Read at a celebration of Angelo's 400th birthday by  
the N. E. Women's Club, Boston, March 6th, 1875.

A heaven of larger zone—  
Not theirs, but his—was thrown  
O'er old and wonted themes;  
The fires within his soul  
Glowed like an aureole

Around the prophets old and sibyls of his dreams.

Thus, self contained and bold,  
His glowing thoughts he told  
On canvas or on stone.

He needed not to seek  
His themes from Jew or Greek;  
His soul enlarged their forms, his style was all his  
own.

Ennobled by his hand,  
Florence and Rome shall stand  
Stamped with the signet-ring

He wore, where kings obeyed  
The laws the artists made.

Art was his world, and he was Art's anointed king.

So stood this Angelo  
Four hundred years ago;

So grandly still he stands  
Mid lesser worlds of Art,  
Colossal and apart,

Like Memnon breathing songs across the desert  
sands. —Independent.

## A Schubert Catalogue.\*

(From the "Musical Times.")

"Not unfrequently," says Carlyle, in the "Preliminary" of his *Sartor Resartus*, "the Germans have been blamed for an unprofitable diligence; as if they struck into devious courses where nothing was to be had but the toil of a rough journey: as if, forsaking the gold mines of finance, and that political slaughter of fat oxen whereby a man himself grows fat, they were apt to run goose-hunting into regions of bilberries and crowberries, and be swallowed up at last into remote peat bogs. . . . Surely the plain rule is, let each considerate person have his own way and see what it will lead to. For not this man and that man, but all men make up mankind, and their united tasks the task of mankind. How often have we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much censured wanderer light on some out-lying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province, the hidden treasures of which he first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort were directed thither, and the conquest was completed; thereby, in these his seemingly so aimless rambles, planting new standards, founding new habitable colonies, in the immeasurable circumambient realms of Nothingness and Night." Thus (with a very moderate expenditure of capital letters) does the Sage of Chelsea vindicate Diogenes Teufelsdröck, J. U. D., &c., his researches into the philosophy of clothes, and his six bags of "miscellaneous paper-masses." Some such championship might have appeared necessary when another German began to burrow for the details required to make up the first Thematic Catalogue of a great composer's works, and patiently to hunt down all the Protean forms which the ingenuity of arrangers and transcribers had caused those works to assume. Was the game worth the candle? Who would buy the book? To what use could it be put commensurate with the trouble involved? So might lookers-on have queried, not without a touch of scorn; but the patient German worked on, and the result was that he founded a distinct and increasing class of musical literature, the value of which nobody

questions. Every composer of eminence will soon have his Thematic Catalogue. Dr. Ludwig von Köchel has achieved the good work for Mozart—how completely, some of us are thankful to know; an anonymous writer has attended to Schumann; Weber has been thoroughly "done" by F. W. Jahns; and painstaking Herr Nottebohm has looked after Beethoven. Nor is this all that Herr Nottebohm has accomplished in the same line; the firm of Friedrich Schreiber, in Vienna, is now offering, as the latest result of his patience, a thoroughly good catalogue of Schubert. Together with every amateur who is interested in Schubert, we hail the new work with pleasure and congratulate Herr Nottebohm upon the manner in which he has discharged a very difficult task. The great essentials of such a book are accuracy and completeness; and when it is remembered that these qualities have to appear in connection with hundreds of compositions (many scattered about in MS.), and thousands of editions, the high merit of success need not be demonstrated. With regard to the accuracy of the Catalogue, it is, of course, impossible to judge confidently as respects every detail, but we have tested the book in many ways, and it has passed the ordeal triumphantly. That there are no flaws in its completeness would be too much to assert. Herr Nottebohm, for example, leaves unnoticed the few bars of melody which were all that Schubert wrote of the *Scherzo* in the eighth (B minor) symphony. But, generally speaking, the book may be styled an exhaustive one; in proof whereof take the particulars furnished about *Die Schöne Müllerin*. Besides the details usual to thematic catalogues, Herr Nottebohm gives us the result of his labors in tracing those famous songs through all their (German) editions and forms, nearly three closely-printed pages being devoted to the editions alone. The arrangements fill five and a-half pages more, the character of the transcription being specified, and also the author, publisher, place of publication, and price. When a compiler shows industry such as this, we are disposed to trust him, and accept his work.

In arranging his materials, Herr Nottebohm did not attempt the impossible task of settling the order in which Schubert's works were written. Wherever the date of composition can be ascertained it is given, but the *Opus number guides* in making up the first section of the book. The compositions included in this section, which is devoted to those with an *Opus number* only, are 173, beginning with the "Erl King," and ending with six songs for voice and pianoforte. This opening and closing must strike everybody who examines the list as significant. Turning over page after page, we find little save song after song; and even when a break first occurs, it is made by a set of waltzes (Op. 9). At Op. 15 we come upon the fantasia for pianoforte in C major, after which songs and waltzes begin again, till Op. 26 introduces the music to *Rosamunde*. Presently chamber music makes its appearance, but the ratio of important works to comparative trifles is not greatly increased. How eloquent is this fact, especially when looked at in connection with Herr Nottebohm's third section, which catalogues the compositions without *Opus number*, published after the composer's death. Here we start with the ninth and eighth symphonies, going on with the quartets in D minor and major, the pianoforte sonata in A minor, and those in C minor, A and B flat. After these come four masses, the cantata, *Lazarus*, and a host of works nearly

\* "Thematisches Verzeichniss der im Druck erschienenen Werke von Franz Schubert." Herausgegeben von G. Nottebohm. Wien: Friedrich Schreiber (Vormals C. A. Spina.)



equal in importance. Truly, Schubert's is a posthumous fame. A writer of songs and waltzes in life: in death he appears among the grandest of tone poets. Pity him we must, for such a spirit as his, though he labored on regardless of present renown, could have done no other than long after that recognition which is, next to its own self-consciousness, the sweetest reward of genius. But the moral to be drawn from Herr Nottebohm's Catalogue brings comfort after all. The good cannot be repressed. That which has in it a spark of the divine fire will some day kindle the admiration of the world.

The second section embraces the multitude of *Lieder* published by Diabelli under the title: *Franz Schubert's nachgelassene musikalische Dichtungen für Gesang und Piano-forte*—in all fifty sets. But to many who avail themselves of this welcome volume, one of its most interesting divisions will be that which brings the whole of the master's compositions under the eye in orderly battalions. After reviewing page after page of orchestral, chamber, and concerted music of various kinds, we come finally upon the army of songs and vocal pieces, only to look down their ranks with a sense of utter bewilderment as we remember that the author of all these things died at thirty-one. The fecundity of Schubert was monstrous, and, in view of it, his early death seems the most natural of events. He, if ever man did, accomplished the work that was appointed him. For this let us be thankful, and not for this alone. The gratitude of amateurs who love Schubert is due to the plodding, unwearied industry of the German *savant* from whom the book before us has come. Herr Nottebohm could never be charged with "goose hunting," or with exploring "regions of bilberries and crowberries," but, to continue the words of Carlyle, he has lighted on an outlying and neglected province, the treasures of which are now common property. Schubert owes him much on that account. We owe him more. J. B.

### The Faust Legend in Opera.

(From the Albany Sunday Press.)

BY PROF. JOHIN KAUTZ.

Of all exciting legends none is of such high importance or gives us a deeper insight into the internal workings of the soul than the legend of Faust. While others, in their fundamental ideas move within the pale of a distinct nationality, and thence representing the true reflection of the character of its people, the legend of Faust contains the embodiment of a universal and purely human idea. We therefore find it among most of the European nationalities, although more or less modified, according to the peculiarities of every distinct people, yet in its fundamental idea unchanged.

To the ancients the Faust idea was of course unknown, because they lacked the worldly views founded on Christianity. They were only acquainted with the immediate motive of the Faust legend: the conflict of Light with Darkness, Angels with Demons. Only in their heaven-towering Titans could we possibly find an embodied analogous idea, and there only in its crudest outlines. Through the doctrine of Christianity, which destroyed their belief in a blind ruling destiny, and elevated man to a higher and nobler existence, was every latent desire awakened to seek after that infinitude, which, because of the circumscribed and solely to the finite directed bodily and spiritual organization of man, must ever to him remain the unattainable.

The keen and undimmed striving after a universality of knowledge, the endeavoring of the human mind to unfathom the inmost depths of Nature, and the discontent with that which is attainable—all this is peculiar to the Faust of every nation. It is thus he falls in conflict with himself: it originates in him a conflict with the good and bad principle; angels and demons follow him, and because his desires must ever remain unfulfilled,—

being antagonistic to the immutable laws of Nature,—he seeks and implores superhuman agency to grant him that which it cannot. Faust then appeals to another source, to the Demon, who willingly offers his services; he accepts his guidance. The good principle then, having in view the salvation of every soul, comes in direct antagonism with the bad principle. The ultimate victory remains with the good principle, as the Demon can never satisfy a great and noble nature. He may momentarily intoxicate a Faust while leading him through all the labyrinths of error, but that which he offers him is but earthly goods and not that after which a Faust strives. Only through the humiliation of his pride, his meek submission to the fixed boundaries of knowledge, does he at last find redemption. The Angel conquers, and leads him to where his spirit, too great for earthly barriers, finds peace and contentment.

This Faust idea was naturally nurtured and developed by the Germanic race, in consequence of their reflective disposition, although it required a genius like Goethe to bring it to a consummation. If we examine the Faust legends of other races, especially those of the French and Spanish, we find in them the same human basis clothed in appropriate form, but neither race produced a Goethe to perfect it; although it did serve them as a subject of many important art-creations. Robert of Normandy, surnamed the Devil, and Don Juan of Seville, are the Fausts of France and Spain. In both characters is visible that vaulting ambition after human greatness, that stepping out of the circumscribed limits of man,—consequently that same conflict between the good principle and the bad. The Norman legend has its Robert born from a noble and pious woman and the incorporated "parts of that power which ever creates the bad and ever the good." Here it at once becomes evident, that from Robert's birth, there already existed in his breast two souls, one endeavoring to subdue the other. These two souls find their incarnation in his surrounding persons, Alice and Bertram. But Robert is a French Norman, consequently his ideal is of another form than that of the German Faust. He finds it possible to satisfy his desire after infinitude in the ultimately attainable happiness of the finite.

The character of Robert is likewise analogous to that of the accompanying Demon, therefore immensely different from that of Mephistopheles. Faust is a profound thinker, a man of unbounded knowledge,—his devil consequently must be scholastic, sophistical. Robert of Normandy is also a sort of knightly hero, a more sensual man, and affected somewhat by the peculiar romanticism of the middle ages; his infernal companion accordingly, is but another of those shadowy formations, like the well-known Northern Phantom, without horns, hoofs or tail, yet withal an agreeable and good-natured fellow. For a Robert, a Bertram sufficed—a Mephistopheles he would not have understood.

An analogous being to Robert the Devil we also find in Germany in the legend of Tannhäuser. In him we find the same striving after infinitude that appears in Faust, though in a much lesser degree, yet his intellectual character is far above that of the French hero. Tannhäuser, like Robert, seeks his delight in a gratification of the senses; angels and demons also stand near him, only the love through which he gets redeemed is a more ideal love than that of Robert's. Tannhäuser again reflects correctly the spirit of his age, of the Troubadour. All he speaks, thinks and acts, finds expression in the poetry of that age and especially in that of Heinrich Von Ofterdingen, from whom Richard Wagner borrowed many points and transferred them to his hero. Again it is a distinguishing characteristic of the German and French character, that the moral spirit of the people can reconcile itself even with a Faust or Robert, while the Spaniard permits his Faust, the Don Juan, to go to

destruction. Their religious fanaticism and unbending persistency would not permit an ultimate reconciliation, after a misguided career.

The idea of Ormuzd and Ahriman, of angels and demons, which form such prominent features in the legend of Faust, is also found in the legends of other nationalities—thus, instance, in the Bohemian legend of the Freischütz made use of by Von Weber; but in other respects it has little or nothing identical with the Faust idea; Max is thoroughly passive,—Agathe and Casper act for him, while we witness the conflict between heaven and hell about a man, who was at best but an imbecile.

The Spanish legend of Don Juan, on account of its adaptability, has often been employed prior to Mozart's time by both poets and musicians; and notably among the latter was the great Christopher Gluck himself, who wrote the music to the ballet of "Don Juan." But how incomplete the Faust idea is in the legend of Don Juan may be inferred by the positions occupied by the women who appear therein. From the hero they receive treatment which, to say the least, is regardless and almost brutal, while they seem to exist wholly as a testimony of his profligacy. Elvira and Zerline also represent womanhood such as is found by the thousand, while in the Faust of Germany, womanhood is represented as the highest type of moral beauty, at the same time forming the most important poetic element, such as Goethe's portrayal of Marguerite.

Don Juan, Robert the Devil, and Tannhäuser, are the most prominent variations of the Faust idea that have attained any success in musical representation, and in truth are better adapted for artistic treatment than Faust himself, because they are less spiritualized. The positiveness, abstraction and deep reflection of Faust contradicts the whole nature of music—therefore cannot receive the proper musical expression, while the more incomplete fundamental idea can, because music speaks in an indefinite language. The Faust of the composer Spohr is consequently not the Faust of Goethe; he is but another Don Juan, transplanted to German soil, and like him even a lesser embodiment of the Faust idea than Robert the Devil and Tannhäuser,—even he cannot find redemption.

It may be said, that since Mozart's time none have attempted to express the Faust idea musically with any degree of success; and it was Mozart's great genius alone that led him to grasp part of its spirit and convey it with tolerable perfection. As for the Faust of Gounod, it is, perhaps, unnecessary to mention that it is but an abortive creation and a burlesque upon Goethe's sublime poem.

### Operatic Companies.

Opera companies having failed to make money for the past two seasons in this country, it was generally supposed that the poor attendance upon these musical performances was due to the hard times with which we have been afflicted. Such a conclusion, however, seems scarcely warrantable now that it is asserted that the present season abroad has also terminated unfavorably for both singers and managers. Troops have disbanded, and the lyric stage may well be said to be in a bankrupt condition. In Berlin the Imperial Opera is declared a bad speculation; the director could not afford to pay the regular prima donna salary, and Madame Lucca, not believing that "a half loaf is better than no bread," declined to appear, as did also other members of the company. The Imperial Opera at Vienna has fared little better, the director having announced a deficit of 750,000 francs. At Cairo and St. Petersburg the Czar and Khedive respectively stand purse-bearers to the royal houses of song, and consequently have been called upon to make up the deficiencies of the bad term. At other places on the continent the season has been disastrous, and the opera houses are reported closed. Only in Paris does opera appear to have thrived, and there the new opera house and the extreme musical proclivities of the people contribute to make it an exceptional case.

These facts are significant. But to what do they point? Evidently something is wrong with the opera or the public. Maretzek was not crushed financially last year without cause; neither did Strakosch lose heavily this season except for reasons that may be discovered. The trouble seems to be in the expense of singers to the managers and of their singing to the public. Strakosch's expenditure on a performance with his last troupe was from \$2500 to \$3500 a night. It takes a good house to offset these amounts, and good houses at \$3 and \$4 a seat were an impossibility, considering that money was scarce and the performances only fair. Mdlle. Albani demanded \$1000 a night, and was obliged to close her engagement prematurely because she could not "draw" sufficiently to earn it. Nilsson and Lucca before her had been accorded equally great sums, and she probably argued that by taking less she would compromise her professional position. Singers, actors and lecturers are apt to forget that their remuneration must be gauged, not by their estimate of themselves, but by the desire of the multitude to hear and see them. Thus when the relations of managers and artists are of mutual benefit, they are in a healthful state; when otherwise, one or the other is working for less than his or her rightful compensation, and a dissolution of partnership is then imminent. But another party—the public—is necessary to a proper mediation between these principals, and a successful result of this triple relation can only ensue when all the parties are working in harmony and each member finds the association advantageous. No one party will submit to repeated loss, or to a disregard of its wishes for any length of time, so that the welfare of all concerned depends on a proper consideration of each other, that the beneficial union may be maintained. In view of these facts, then, it seems necessary that under the existing operative difficulties some compromise should be effected. It is unhesitatingly declared abroad that concession belongs to the singer to whom hitherto everything has been sacrificed—good support, new operas, managerial benefit and the good will of the public. It is only reasonable that now, their own course having proved destructive—at least to those upon whom they depend—they should content themselves with a more equitable division of profits. If they have not the wisdom to do this, they ought certainly to be allowed to see whether they can live longer without singing than the public can without hearing them; for, delicious tit-bits that they are, it is true also they are but luxuries after all.—*Sunday Herald*.

### Cambridge University Musical Professorship.

(From "The Times," March 17.)

The election of a Professor of Music, in the place of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, has resulted in the almost unanimous choice of Mr. George Alexander Macfarren, the eminent composer. Since the declaration of the vacancy numerous candidates offered themselves for the vacant Chair, but retired upon being informed of the influential support already promised to Mr. Macfarren by the residents. Dr. Wylde, the Gresham Professor of Music, remained in the field as a candidate; a London committee was formed to promote his election, and up to noon yesterday a contest seemed inevitable. Eventually Dr. Wylde withdrew. As a poll had been announced, however, the formality was carried out. The Vice-Chancellor and Proctors attended at the hour previously appointed, and at eight this evening declared the election to have fallen on Mr. Macfarren. By a recent Grace of the Senate, the new Professor will receive an annual stipend of £200; and, in addition to examining the exercises for musical degrees, will deliver a course of lectures on Music during each academical year.

(From the Musical World, March 20.)

*PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT.* The old "saw," which so many are disposed to regard as a satire upon actualities, is but a reflection of the logic of events. As a rule, he who deserves reward gains it. The honor may be long in coming; may go astray en route, like a mis-delivered letter, may even be delayed till Death steps in, but, sooner or later, it comes. In this respect, the mill of Providence grinds slowly, but grinds with exceeding fineness, leaving nothing to pass without the impress of divine justice. It is needless to dwell upon this fact—one which wise men in all ages have recognized, but our reference to it comes appropriately in view of Mr. Macfarren's election as Musical Professor in the University of Cambridge. Somewhat

late in life, but not too late for the probability of years of enjoyment springing from faithful discharge of high duties, the most learned of English musicians finds himself in rank, as in acquirement, at the head of his profession. Than he who is at once Cambridge Professor and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, there can be no greater. Mr. Macfarren—apart from the Knighthood which he may possibly have to share with a batch of provincial mayors, or the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex—has reached the most exalted place open to an English musician, and the labors of his life have, in this respect, been "crowned." Very likely no one is surprised at his Cambridge success, or unready to deny the possibility of anybody outrunning him in the race. Mr. Macfarren needs no more splendid testimony to his worth than this general acquiescence in his election; but, at the same time, it is very easy to see how he might have been defeated. For some reason or other, which does no credit to the wisdom of Alma Mater, the election of Professors at Cambridge is vested in a miscellaneous body called the Senate. The members of this, no doubt, learned and highly respectable corporation, are scattered all over the country—many of them as much severed from the University in thought and sympathy as they are by distance, and very few of them able to discriminate, if they were disposed to try, among the claims of candidates to a special dignity such as the Chair of Music. These non-resident members are a majority, and a candidate favorably circumstanced in the matter of social influence, or endowed with personal qualities such as make men favorites, has only to lay himself out to secure their votes in order to achieve success. The danger of this result is over for the present, but the risk will have to be run whenever the election—*absit omen*—is repeated; and its existence should be taken into account by those who are desirous that the best man should win. Of the gentlemen who came forward as Mr. Macfarren's rivals, only one, perhaps, intended a serious struggle for the place. Dr. Wylde evidently meant business, and only withdrew at the last moment, when the impossibility of success became obvious. We have nothing to say against Dr. Wylde's candidature, now that the issue has been determined. A Gresham professor has surely the right to try and make himself a Cambridge professor; nor can he be accused of over-vaulting ambition. The remaining candidates may be divided into two classes; first, those who, like Mr. Barnby, desired chiefly to put themselves *en evidence* in the matter of a professorship. The post is one to which a rising musician may aspire with perfect fitness, and no rising musician has a more unquestionable right to connect his name with the possibilities of the future in this respect than the conductor of the Albert Hall concerts. The second class is made up of those crocheting-mongers and ambitious nobodies who are always coming to the front when there is an opportunity of catching the public eye. These characters are found everywhere, and not even the late Sir Peter Laurie could have put them down had he tried. Some of them are, or have been, representative men. There was a butcher at Tiverton, when Lord Palmerston was member for that Devonian burgh, who always broke a lance with the statesman at election time, and was regularly tumbled in the mud, to the vast delight of the natives. And there is still, we believe, a Mr. Jones, for whom, at every choice of Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the livery of London in Common Hall assembled, look as confidently as for east winds in May. Upon such people it is impossible to think seriously, and the best course is to get as much fun out of them as possible. For this course some of the recent candidates gave abundant opportunity, and answered the end of making the world merrier, if not exactly wiser. But the lesson of the whole matter is one adapted to encourage. Virtually unopposed, the best man has gained the prize, and merit wears, as well as deserves, the palm.

With Mr. Macfarren in the Cambridge Chair of Music, we may confidently expect a good return of labor done. He is not likely to be satisfied with a perfunctory discharge of imperative duty, but rather to accomplish more than his bond exacts. Henceforth, not only will there be musical lectures at the junior University, but, we may hope, a quickened musical life, which shall bring about a higher regard for the art among those who are destined to exert vast influence in shaping the public opinion of the country. Should results like these follow Mr. Macfarren's election, the anticipations of not a few will be realized; and, once more, Wisdom will be justified of her children.

### Bach in Soho.

(From the "Guardian.")

Considering how English in temperament was the great Bach, it is strange that English church musicians have been so long in learning to appreciate him. For generations he has been looked upon as "dry," which his vocal music certainly is not, unless the embodiment of deep feeling in every phase be consistent with the epithet; and held up as a wonder of contrapuntal complication, when it would be nearer the truth to describe him as a master of perfectly intelligible and enjoyable elaboration. Bach was not only very English, but he was very like an English organist. His fingers clung to the keyboard while impatient preachers chafed to begin their sermons; he had his differences with church officials, and disguised the chorale with extemporary variations, so as to "put out" the congregation. On the other hand, again, like church musicians nearer home and nearer our own time, when he found a sphere in which he could indulge his musical predilections, he threw himself heartily into the work, and had no difficulty in co-operating with congenial minds among the clergy. It was in his position as organist and director of music at St. Thomas's, Leipzig, that this side of his character came out, and that he not only produced his immortal settings of the Passion, but composed nearly 400 cantatas, or extended anthems, one for every Sunday and other festival for five successive years. In a recently published biography of the composer\* we read:—

"Previous to this the motets and cantatas were chosen without any regard to their coloring and connection with the other portion of the service; but Bach made it his business to acquaint himself with the preacher's texts, and the whole bearing of the day's service, choosing the theme for his cantata accordingly. The most general form of these cantatas was—first, a grand orchestral introduction, after which followed a fine and impressive chorus, succeeded by recitatives, airs, or duets, the whole concluding with a choral, in which all joined. The orchestral accompaniments are remarkably fine, and quite independent of the voice. Besides the organ, strings, flutes, hautboys, and trumpets are employed."

It is one of these cantatas or anthems which is now being rendered—perhaps in the manner Bach himself had them rendered in St. Thomas's, Leipzig; certainly in a manner he would have liked to hear them rendered—on Sunday evenings during Lent at St. Ann's Church, Soho. We have had in former years to describe orchestral services at this church; they have been of a more ambitious character hitherto; but certainly not more satisfactory. The work chosen this Lent is the cantata "Gottes Zeit ist die Allerbeste Zeit," Englished by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, of Westminster Abbey, and published at Novello's as "God's Time is the Best." As regards the sentiment of the words, this little work appears to have been intended as a New Year's Day, or Advent, lesson on the uncertainty of life: there is nothing specially Lenten in its character; though the absence of any highly wrought passages, and a general quiet and religious sadness, fall in well with the present Church season. In construction the cantata or anthem answers pretty closely to the description we have quoted above of the round of works which constituted the great German church organist's musical "Christian Year." A "sonatina" of twenty bars, molto adagio, prefigures the tender solemnity which pervades the subsequent choral writing: the principal subject is here assigned to the flute, an instrument which Bach used largely, and in more sustained obbligato fashion than is now the custom. In St. Ann's, a building where music is heard to perfection, the effect of this prelude was all that could be imagined as desirable for the expression of its spirit: we never before felt that flutes could be so entirely ecclesiastical.

Mr. Barnby has a full and well-drilled choir; and they took the little, lucid, firm-built first chorus, "God's own time is the best," with an air of quiet command over its rendering, which, while it satisfied the musician, had the devotional advantage of preventing any thought of anxiety in the listener as to the possibility of failure: the singers, in fact, might have been forgotten in the quiet ease of the execution. A tenor solo, "O Lord, incline us to consider that our days are numbered," was sung in that true ecclesiastical style which draws no attention to the performer by Mr. Chas. Wade; to hear whom must go far to disarm those who think that

\* "The Great Tone-Poets." By F. Crowest. (London: R. Bentley and Son).



all solo singing in church is "display." A fine feature of this cantata is the next movement, for all the bass voices, "Set in order thine house, for thou shalt die," accompanied, in piquant contrast, by the flute, with quasi arpeggio passages, staccato; and an under movement of the strings, also staccato. The next little section of the work is an example of Bach's skill in the beautiful device of floating a treble solo upon a rocking sea of counterpoint in the lower voice parts; over these latter, ringing the words, "It is the old decree, Man, thou art mortal," enters presently the voice of a treble chorister, in one of the master's most piously tender strains, "Yea come, Lord Jesus, come," the whole forming a gem of religious musical pathos. The same perfectly undemonstrative, but by no means unfeeling style, here characterized the rendering under Mr. Barnby's direction.

Not the least grateful of the several effects in the anthem, is the occasional entry of the organ alone, after the orchestral instruments have had possession of the ear. This occurs—to mention one of several places—at the solo, which in turn the alto voice takes, "Into Thy hands my spirit I commend." This beautiful number is most expressively sung by a lady. In the next movement, a bass solo, "Thou shalt be with me to-day in Paradise," the alto section of the choir enters, after a while, with snatches of a choral, overlying, in sustained minims and semi-breves, the more rapid passages of the bass, and, in the end, taking exclusive possession of the field, the solo ceasing. No doubt Bach intended, in starting this choral, to give a cue—the expression must be pardoned as the only one available—to the congregation; and it may well be imagined what a grand effect might arise if the congregation could only take the cue, and, gradually gathering their voices together, assume the role designed for them. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that no one of the congregation at St. Ann's takes up the part.

A doxological chorus of vigor and dignity concludes the cantata, the performance of which throughout was as near perfection as could well be imagined. No church, and no choir, perhaps, could be better fitted for a revival of the historical scenes of musical worship for which the work was originally written. As one has often wished, at a Handel festival, that Handel could live again to hear his massive choruses rendered by hosts of choristers such as he must have dreamed of when he scored them, so one could but foolishly long for the impossible possibility of the dear old Leipsic organist—who was so much more than an organist—being a hearer of one of his own church cantatas, performed in quiet perfection, as this is, with flutes and viols, and by white-robed choristers, as an edifying adjunct to worship.

The choir numbers sixty-one voices; the instruments employed are two flutes, two first violins, two second violins, two violas, two violoncellos, two double basses, and the organ. Mr. J. Coward, jun., is organist, and employs his instrument with rare and commendable abstinence. The church last Sunday was crowded to such an extent that standing room was hardly to be found. J. C.

### Pure Music vs. Wagnerism.

In the *Transcript* of April 9th, appears the following letter by Mr. George L. Osgood, in answer to certain critics of the Wagnerite persuasion, who have found matter of offence in one of his "Historical Notes." We copy it without the sensational heading which the *Transcript* gives it, and for which we presume the writer is not responsible.

**To the Editor of the Transcript:** A paragraph of the historical notes on the programme of the third historical concert on Friday last has evoked from certain well-known musical critics expressions which the writer feels called upon to meet. The paragraph in question is as follows:

Here we see, then how vital was the influence of Bach and Handel upon the whole after period of the art of music. Neither of these masters influenced very essentially his own age; but the compositions of later masters assert vigorously the presence of their genial spirit, and the boundless grandeur of their genius. In the province of pianoforte and vocal chamber music (of which these programmes treat) is the influence of the great Sebastian Bach especially paramount. Through his son Emanuel, to Haydn, to Mozart, to Beethoven, and so to Schubert, to Chopin, to Mendelssohn, Schumann and Rob. Franz runs the line through which the electric current of this wonderful genius brings the past and present together. Indeed, from Bach to Rob. Franz seems but a step. The *naïveté* of the Volkslied and the polyphony of Bach combine to make Rob. Franz. In this genial atmosphere of musical purity the noisy din of modern effect-music cannot breathe. In this sanctum of true souls, the Muse per-

mits not to enter the sensuous poison of modern exaggeration, threatening to sap the very life of genuine musical sense.

One writer in particular tells us: "The paragraph evidently meant more than the words said, being a sweeping assertion with such manifestly large inclusiveness, as seemed entirely out of good taste, and betokened a wilful ignorance of the beauties of what was termed 'modern effect-music.' The italics are our own."

Whether the paragraph in question was in good taste is left to the decision of others; but such a public accusation of "wilful ignorance" touches our character as a musician, to which we are compelled to reply.

That Richard Wagner was meant in the quotation given must be obvious to all who follow with interest the unmusical tendency of most modern compositions. We do not exclude from our programme Brahms and Raff, as one writer would imply, thus anticipating our fourth programme. But we do draw a sharp line between the Wagner musicodramatic works and the pure music of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Wherein does the great distinction lie? On the one hand is the idealizing of reality.

Personality in its purest form proceeds first from experience, from things and facts. Its development, at first, therefore, is in a realistic sense. But from this soil springs up and blossoms an ideal life. Thus Beethoven, in whom culminates a whole series of great talents, demonstrates what direction idealism in art takes, when left to a development wholly unrestrained by personal feeling and hopes; or selfish bitterness against a large portion of mankind. In Beethoven, whom we select as a spiritual art-type, is the individual nature of such an exalted kind that we feel in the productions of his genius, not a special, one-sided, selfish expression, but the pulse of a noble humanity. "Only he, who like Beethoven, bore within himself a whole world, could express a world's emotions." The continuity of thematic and contrapuntal development; the principle that a genuine musical motive is a germ which unfolds itself according to certain innate and vital laws of musical growth, are axioms upon which rests the whole superstructure of music as an art. Let us see, then, if the Wagner compositions are test proof.

From a review, by the present writer, of a Wagner pamphlet on "Judaism in Music," [See *Dwight's Journal of Music*, May 22, 1869.] we will make a few quotations: First, to show the tendency of the Wagnerian spirit; second, to prove more conclusively the tenability of the ground we have assumed. We pass over the first portion of the review, where Wagner, in bitterly relentless and vindictive terms, is seen working himself and the reader up to a great pitch of excitement by enumerating all the bad points in Jewish history, raking into broad daylight all their disagreeable and repulsive qualities; telling us the Jew is worse than a brute; that he never had art, nor poetry, feeling nor taste, even forgetting that great "King of the Jews," from whom emanates the whole poetry of the Christian religion. Not one good trait, not a single redeeming feature of the Jew and his relations to humanity and to art, is to be found in the whole pamphlet of fifty pages. But having carefully prepared the way by insidiously prejudicing the mind of the reader, he suddenly and most ungenerously exclaims, "There are no noble germs in them."

Having demolished all their pretensions to emotion, poetic feeling and art in general, Wagner now comes to the main point. "The Jew has done nothing and can do nothing but imitate. Even this imitation is at the most superficial. His whole life is superficial; hence his compositions are heterogeneous, cold, indifferent, unnatural, distorted, so that they often give us the same impression as the recitation of a poem of Goethe in the Jewish jargon. Just as in this jargon the words and construction go tumbling over each other in amazing confusion, just so does the Jewish composer tumble together all the different forms and styles of all masters and periods. We find the peculiarities of form of all the schools heaped up in the liveliest chaos."

Let us take these very words of Wagner and apply them to his own compositions. With what result? The characteristics of these same ones whom he relentlessly decries, Wagner has made his own, and to such an extent that they are tedious mannerisms. Just as in the Meyerbeer melodies the oft-occurring modern *acciacatura* not only over an interval of the major and minor second, but over any interval at the option of the composer; just as this peculiarity and its variations are characteristics which we recognize as belonging to Meyerbeer,

just so has the *doppia acciacatura*, or the full modern *gruppetto*, taken such insidious possession of the Wagner themes that, whether in his earlier "Rienzi" and "Flying Dutchman," or in his later "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," and "Tristan and Isolde," or in the "Meistersinger," there is the same sentimental, tedious mannerism, robbing his heroes and heroines alike of all individual character.

We refer to the following examples, among many others, in verification of this assertion: In the theme of the mixed chorus, "Lohengrin," first act, third scene. In the introduction to the same opera, theme in the second act, second scene. Theme in the procession after church, second act; where in the short space of six measures the *gruppetto* mannerism occurs three times. Theme of the duet of Elsa and Ortrud, second act, second scene. The song of Elsa after the duel, first act, last scene. In the duel scene, where not the *gruppetto* but the same tedious grouping of four notes in constant repetition over chromatic progressions, which later we shall find to be another sentimental mannerism. We refer further to the principal theme of the introduction and overture to "Rienzi," principal theme of Rienzi in his song to the conspirators, theme of the procession in act 4; also, of the duet in act 5; also of the prayer in act 5. Theme of the "Tannhäuser" march. Theme of Elizabeth, in "Tannhäuser," act 2, scene 2. Theme of duet between Elizabeth and Tannhäuser, act 2. Theme of a song of Wolfram in the Sängerkrieg, same opera. Wolfram's "Song to the Evening Star," act 3. Theme of the postlude of Elizabeth's prayer, act 3, and others. These are from well-known portions. Another peculiar and noticeable feature of these themes is the fact that the *gruppetto* cannot be left out of them without destroying their very essence.

This sentimental *gruppetto*, which is but an embellishment in previous masters, becomes an indispensable factor of very many of the most prominent melodic themes of Wagner. Whichever hero or heroine Wagner may introduce to us, we see the same sentimental face, wherein conventionality in place of deep feeling dwells. Shortened forms of this same mannerism are used as well. See theme of Wolfram's solo in the septet, act 1, of Tannhäuser. Theme of Tannhäuser's prize song of Venus in the theme of the bridal procession in act 3; of Elsa in act 2, scene 2; of Ortrud, act 2, scene 4.

"Just so does the Jewish composer tumble together all the different forms and styles of all masters and periods," says Wagner in the quotation given above.

Let us turn again his own words upon him. What next mannerism do we find? Is it an imitation of the diatonic progression, so marked a feature in the bass of Von Weber? No, indeed. It is naught else than the most flagrant imitation of the chromatic progression of this very Jew, Meyerbeer, the only difference being that Meyerbeer uses it comparatively seldom, whereas Wagner infuses it into almost the whole of all his writings. We refer to almost any page of his operas. Perhaps many may recall the song of Venus in the second act of "Tannhäuser;" the theme of the overture to the same opera; the introduction to "Lohengrin," as examples.

Let us quote again from the review of the Wagner pamphlet; he says of Mendelssohn, "This person has shown us that a Jew can have the richest abundance of specific musical talent, can possess the finest and most liberal education, as well as the finest sense of honor, without being able to move us, no, not even once, with that deep heart and soul-stirring emotion which we expect of the art, and which we know it to be capable of; an emotion we have felt times without number, when a hero of our art, so to speak, has opened his mouth to talk to us."

And further on, "Where the feeling had to come from a deeper source than mere sentimentality, Mendelssohn's musical productive power ceased. The dissolution and capriciousness of our musical style, though perhaps not introduced by him, have yet been raised through Mendelssohn's means to the highest point of unmeaning and empty purport." And again he tells us Mendelssohn, whose reputation he so envies, is the condemnation of "coldness, indifference, triviality, absurdity." And yet again, "Meyerbeer's life has been wasted in catering to a paying, but second-class public."

But again do we find Wagner following him. Note in all the Wagner operas the reckoned effect of sharp contrast of extreme high with extreme low pitch; of the softest pianissimo with the utmost fortissimo. Who does not see in the finale of the second act of "Tannhäuser" almost the reflection of the tremendous and sudden effect produced under





The soloists, M. Lassalle, of the opera (Adam), Mme. Brunet-Lafleur (Eve), and M. Prunet (Narrator), also came in for their share of applause. Mme. Brunet-Lafleur has a sympathetic, well-trained voice, admirably suited to her rôle; but both she and M. Prunet found their powers rather overtaxed by the size of the hall. The chorus, under the direction of M. Lamoureux, left nothing to be desired; and the orchestra was well up to the mark, as usual.

Example is contagious in music as in most things. There are more cantatas promised us shortly, conspicuous amongst them one by M. Saint-Saëns, entitled "Sampson," and a work of M. Gounod, "Jesus on the Lake of Tiberias;" both announced for performance at the Concert du Chatelet next Friday, together with the finale of Beethoven's "Choral Symphony." The whole of the last-mentioned gigantic work was executed at the Conservatoire on Sunday.

M. Franck's oratorio "Redemption," given recently at the Salle Ventadour, is commented on favorably by the critics. Good Friday will be celebrated in the churches here by the performance of Haydn's "Seven Words of Christ," at the Eglise St. Paul, and by the execution of the unending "Stabat Mater" at St. Eustache. A version of the "Sept Paroles de Christ" is also promised at the Madeleine.

As to the "Fête d'Alexandre," in consequence of the success of "Eve," and of M. Gounod's "Gallia," its production this season may be looked upon as problematical.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 17, 1875.

### Haydn's Seasons.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, after giving us a very pleasant taste of "Spring" in their last May Festival, are now ready to fulfil the promise and, with the charm of Haydn's music, lead us round the circle of the "Seasons." It may help to interest some, who are meaning to attend the concert of Wednesday evening, April 28, to add here a few words about the work,—not altogether new, nor could anything new be easily said. Still these hints may be a reminder of some of the good things in a work long out of mind.

The "Seasons" was the last work of Haydn, composed about the year 1798, when he was nearly seventy years old, and certainly displays a marvellous degree of vigor and vivacity of fancy. In some respects it is more interesting than the "Creation," though many of its passages are only reproduced from that and sound, with all their elegance, but too familiar. As a whole, it plainly suffers from its ambiguity of character, being secular, pastoral, almost operatic in its real inspiration, prompted by the impulse to paint the changing phases of Nature and the simple joys of country life, while at the same time striving to secure some of the dignity of Oratorio. It is in just these graver and would-be grander parts that it is weakest. The more elaborate contrapuntal choruses certainly do not compare with "The Heavens are telling" and the other grander moments in the "Creation." But in the lighter and descriptive portions, which form nine-tenths of the work, we find it richer than the Oratorio. And what variety and contrast!

The Overture, portraying the passage from Winter to Spring, is a fine orchestral piece, answering its purpose well; though less quickening to the fancy than Mendelssohn's treatment of the same subject in the prelude to the "Walpurgis Night." The chorus: "Come, gentle Spring," is simply perfect, the very breath and soul of Spring is in those fresh, delicious harmonies. The homely bass

air of Simon, describing the husbandman in the field, old as it sounds, recalls the character to the life; all the more that its phrases are familiar, that the tune is almost the same that Rossini caught again from nature afterwards, at a quicker tempo, in his *Zitti, zitti*, and that the orchestra, so richly occupied (how friendly the bassoon runs along by the side of the voice!), harrows a hacknied subject from the "Surprise" Symphony. The Trio and Chorus: "Be propitious," the Duet of Jane and Lucas: "Spring, her lovely charms unfolding," the chorus of girls and youths; in short all of this Spring music is delicate and full of Spring; and the closing chorus of thanksgiving is impressive in spite of what we have said above.

In the "Summer," the salient point is the Thunder Storm, so skilfully prepared with recitatives and lowering accompaniment, and worked up to a terrific climax with chorus and orchestra. The transition to the softer chorus after the passing of the storm: "Welcome, gentle sleep!" seems too abrupt, and lacks the true sense of Beethoven. But the "Summer" has many very fine traits. The bass air about the shepherd driving out his flock, the glorious mounting of the Sun (trio and chorus); and especially the tenor Cavatina and recitative about the intense heat: "Distressful nature fainting sinks," are, taken with the instrumental figures, singularly graphic.

In the "Autumn" we have the most stirring of hunting choruses, followed by the still more rousing Wine chorus, with the imitation of the bagpipe and the fiddle: is there not wonderful vivacity and power here for an old man of seventy! But perhaps the original thing of all is the song and chorus of the "Spinning Wheel" in the "Winter;" the "Wheel moves gaily," but the mood is minor and the pensive mind broods on. The instrumental picture of the approach of Winter, and the tenor air describing the traveller perplexed and lost amid the snow, are quite as characteristic as the music of the other seasons.

### Historical Concerts.

The second and third Concerts of Messrs. Osgood and Boscovitz, (Feb. 25 and April 2), were interesting and instructive. Of course, limited as they are to the pianoforte alone, the specimens of instrumental music (without the viol family, for instance, which played so important a part from Bach's and Corelli's time), could only partially illustrate the stages of development. In the department of Songs it was easier to do; and in that of choral music, with the aid of the well-trained small choir, significant examples, though necessarily few and far between for want of much more time, could be, and were presented. In the very nature of the case it would be unreasonable to expect much more than scattered, desultory hints, instead of full and satisfactory illustration, of the music of these centuries. Some of the instances too, quite naturally, would seem more quaint and curious, than really significant. Still, with the help of Mr. Osgood's well considered "Historical Notes," to furnish the connecting links, the chain of continuity was obvious.

The second concert was largely occupied with Songs, (some of which had been passed over in the preceding concert). A long and curious string of them, and some of them quite quaint and sweet in their simplicity, now playful and naïve, now full of tender pathos! Such were the various German *Volkslieder*, seven of them, from the 13th to the 16th century, melodies which sprang up like wildflowers, no one knows how, nor just precisely when; bearing no author's names; the music of a "sad sincerity" and joy alike sincere, a quality which grows more and more rare in modern song composing.

Mr. Osgood seemed to catch the character and spirit of each little song, and reproduced it to a charm. The same may be said of the more artistic Italian songs by Carissimi, Salvatore Rosa, and the elder Scarlatti (1660-1700).

These are more conventional in style, more formal and artistic, with perhaps less individuality, and yet quaint and graceful; but the wild strawberry flavor has become tamer in the garden fruit.

Most interesting of all was the melody from a Glee by Hassler (1601): "A pretty face has turned my head"; for the reason that the tune of the Choral: "Herzlich thut mich verlangen," which occurs so often, harmonized so variously, in Bach's Passion Music, is evidently borrowed from it; when the choir sang the Choral, there was no mistaking it; and yet how different the expression under its new harmonic dress!

Besides the Bach Choral, the work of the choir was limited to three short specimens: a five-part chorus: "Blessed are they" by Heinrich Schütz (1636); a *Miserere* by Caldara (1720), and a *Regina Angelorum* by Durante (1740),—all good, effective pieces of harmony, especially the second. They were beautifully sung.

Mr. Boscovitz, who has the art of making these old things interesting,—even the more dry and formal of them,—by a certain piquancy of touch, and perhaps more light and shade than they have any pretention to in themselves, chose, for his first example, and by far the most important and the best, the not quite unfamiliar "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue" by J. S. Bach; then a Prelude and Fugue by Kirnberger, one of the most genial as well as contrapuntally learned of Bach's immediate successors; then a Chaconne, an Air, and a Hornpipe out of Handel's *Suites*; a so-called "Sonata" by the younger Scarlatti, very slight in respect of musical contents, but made to be very swiftly, deftly played, as an astonishing display of skill in the finger virtuoso of that day. He ended the concert with a *Concerto per il Cembalo*, by Bach's son Philip Emanuel (1714-1788); if we could remember our impression we would try to give it!

In the third programme we find ourselves in what may be called the Sonata period of piano music. The Sonata through Emanuel Bach and Haydn had become a developed form, reaching its highest expression in Beethoven. Mr. Boscovitz played first several smaller pieces, single movements, tending that way (a strong, if somewhat formal Prelude and Capriccio by that learned theorist, Marpurg, 1718-1795; a *Bourée*, a bright and pretty play of fancy, by Krebs; a *Studio* by Grazioli, and a Fantasia by Turini). Then, jumping Haydn; jumping Mozart so far as the full Sonata was concerned, but playing *en passant* his first charming Rondo in C, and the Turkish March from one of his Sonatas,—the latter in the extravagant transcription by Tausig, so that it was in fact no representation of Mozart,—he gave us the Sonata in its glory *à la* Beethoven. It was the third Sonata, Op. 10, in D, that with the sublime slow movement (*Largo*) in D minor, which made a profound impression. There could be no Sonata after that (except from the same exhaustless source); and Mr. Boscovitz went to the opposite extreme in his remaining illustration, that of a merely conventional and utterly empty Sonata by the French Méhul (1763-1817), who could write a good opera of "Joseph and his Brethren," and, like all musicians of his time, could put some graceful finger exercises into a Sonata form for pupils, without much thought of contents (*Inhalt*). The selection really served no purpose, unless it were to show that Sonata-writing was a matter of course with musicians in that day; but where it was creation, poetry, with one or two, it was manufacture with the hundreds.



The Choral pieces were: one in five parts by Haydn: "Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine," which did not strike us as one of the choice *gems* of Haydn's art, as did the Mozart *Ave verum*, which is a most satisfying and perfect piece of rich, pure, devout harmony. For the rest, the concert closed with smaller part-songs: a beautiful and tranquil one by Kuhlau ("Over all the tree-tops is rest"); then a three-part Canon for male voices, which Beethoven composed when a pupil with Albrechtsberger, but which is hardly worth more as an illustration than the classical "Three blind mice;" probably a thing he wrote down idly on the back of the bill of fare after dinner!—finally two rather ordinary part-songs, one a Volkslied: "Holy Night," the other, "German Consecration Song" by Methfessel.

Mr. Osgood sang two of the less familiar and most charming Canzonets of Haydn: "Sympathy" and "Piercing eyes;" Beethoven's sweetly solemn, beautiful setting of Mignon's "Knowst thou the land?"; and three well contrasted songs by Schubert: the "Barcarolle," "Am Meer" (By the Sea), and "Frühlingsglaube" (Spring faith.) It seemed to us he never sang with truer feeling and with finer taste; and as he had Mr. DRESSEL for accompanist, all of these songs had fullest justice done them.

The fourth and last Historical Concert will be April 30.

### Musical Festival in Cincinnati.

Encouraged by the success of their first experiment in 1873, the Cincinnati Committee have been very busily engaged in preparing and in heralding a second great Musical Festival, which, according to the "official" programme, filling a pamphlet of fifty pages, seems to be relied upon to outshine all that has been done there or elsewhere heretofore. It will occupy four days (May 11, 12, 13 and 14). Its inspiration has come this time, as before, from Theodore Thomas, who is to direct the whole, and whom his loyal Committee, in their pamphlet, glorify as the man to whom we in this country owe all our "appreciation and love of what is purest and best in music," even "what is known as *classic music*," (though not a few of us remember at least fancying we loved it before he was born).

Mr. Thomas has for adjutants, Mr. Otto Singer, master of the chorus, which is very large, and Mr. Dudley Buck as organist. The principal vocal performers are Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Abbie Whinery, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Miss Emma Cranch, Mr. Wm. J. Winch, Mr. H. Alex. Bischoff, Mr. M. W. Whitney, and Franz Remmert, largely drawn from Boston. There is also to be a chorus from the public schools. The orchestra, carefully enlarged, numbers 15 first violins, 15 second, 10 violas, 10 cellos, 9 double basses, 3 flutes, besides piccolo, 4 oboes and English horn, 4 clarionets, 1 bass clarinet, 4 bassoons, 4 horns, 12 cornets, (probably for the heralds in "Lohengrin"), 3 trombones, 2 tubas, drums, etc.

The scheme embraces four evening Concerts and three Matinées. Brahms heads the grand tone-procession, on the opening night, with his "Triumphal Hymn," op. 55, for baritone solo, eight-part chorus, organ and orchestra; and the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven follows. Then an intermission of from half an hour to an hour, for promenade, etc., and the second part consists of the Prelude and selected scenes from "Lohengrin."

First Matinée, Wednesday. Second Overture to *Leonore*, Beethoven; "In native Worth," from the *Creation*, (W. J. Winch); Aria from Mozart's *Tito*: "Parto ma tu ben mio," (Miss Cranch, with clarinet obligato); Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony; Aria from Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*, (Mrs. Smith); Hungarian Dances, Brahms. —After Intermission: Overture and Wolfram's Romance from *Tannhäuser*; a new "Meditation" by Gounod, played by all the violins, with Corno

Anglais obligato; Air from Mignon, (Miss Cary); Trio from *William Tell*, sung by Messrs. Bischoff, Remmert and Whitney; Overture to *Tell*.

Second Night. Oratorio *Elijah*, Mendelssohn. The Solos by Mrs. Smith, Miss Whinery, Miss Cary, Miss Cranch, Mr. Whitney (as the Prophet), Mr. Winch and Mr. Bischoff.

Second Matinée, with chorus of the school children, who are to sing a Prayer by Gluck; "Night shades no longer," by Rossini; a Cantata in "Praise of Friendship" by Mozart, with solos by Mrs. Smith, Miss Whinery and Miss Cranch; "Strike the Cymbal," by Pucitta; and "My country, 'tis of thee," Mrs. Smith sings the "Spirit Song" by Haydn, and "Springtime" by Fesca; Miss Whinery, "Infelice" (Concert Aria), by Mendelssohn; Miss Cranch, "Vaga Donna" from the *Huguenots*; Mr. Bischoff, Schubert's "Die Allmacht," and Aria from "Tell"; and Mr. Whitney, the Pedlar's Song from Mendelssohn's "Son and Stranger." The orchestra plays a Festival Overture, by Ed. Lassen, "Huldigung's Marsch," by Wagner, and the "Devil's Darning Needle," which is a Strauss waltz.

Third Night, Thursday, offers two great works: Bach's *Magnificat* in D, (first time in America), for solo voices, chorus, orchestra and organ; and the Ninth Symphony. Who would not like to be there and hear!

Third Matinée. Beethoven's Overture, op. 124, ("Consecration of the House"); Beethoven's Arietta: "In questa tomba," (Whitney); Mozart's "Dove Sono" (Miss Whinery); "Be thou faithful," from *St. Paul* (Winch); "Che Farò," from *Orfeo* (Miss Cranch); Introduction to 3d act, Walther's Prize Song, and the Overture, to Wagner's *Meistersinger*.

—Second part: Overture to *Oberon*, followed by Quartet from the same: "Over the dark blue waters" (Miss Whinery, Miss Cranch, Messrs. Winch and Bischoff); "Pietà," from *Le Prophète* (Miss Cary); "Oh ruddier than the cherry," Handel, (Whitney); Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2, for orchestra; Quartet by Verdi (Mrs. Smith, Miss Cary, Messrs. Bischoff and Whitney).

The fourth evening Concert begins with Schubert's great Symphony, No. 9, in C, of the "heavenly length," after which Wotan sings farewell to Brunhilde, and stirs up his magic wild fire. After the Intermission, the Festival concludes, as it began, with one of the prophets of the New School, namely Liszt, whose Symphonic Poem "Prometheus," with solo voices, chorus and orchestra, will be performed.

Surely variety enough, and much that will be most interesting! The "classics" of the Future (if they live long enough, they may earn the title), have almost the lion's share; but whether they tend to "elevate the standard" in music, whether in exciting wonder and sensation, they at the same time serve the "Religion of Art," (as the programme book has it), lacks as yet the full test of experience. The term is not too strong a one for such love as one may feel for music of Beethoven, Bach, etc.; are there, perhaps, two Religions, wide apart as these and Wagner, and will they ever meet, one going East, the other West?

The pamphlet abounds in all needed information about the artists, the works to be performed, the hall and all the arrangements, and spares not the superlatives, with a pride quite natural to so formidable an enterprise. The Festival will no doubt excite attention far and wide, and will repay a pilgrimage to our sister city of—not now the West—but Centre.

"PARADISE AND THE PERL." The repetition of Schumann's beautiful Cantata, as announced to be sung by The Cecilia, with the Harvard Orchestra, in the Music Hall, had to be abandoned for the pres-

ent season; and for the simple reason that the music-loving public, probably from sheer satiety after so much musical excitement, seemed quite indifferent to so rare an opportunity. To have given it again, at so unpropitious a moment, would have entailed a serious loss. Strange, that crowds can still be drawn by the tom-foolery of "spelling matches" (were Wagner here, he might compose a spelling opera,—the *Meister-speller*), while a great musical work of genius lacks audience!

But Cecilia had her revenge, in a more private social way, by inviting her friends to Horticultural Hall, on Wednesday evening, and there singing it with simply the pianoforte accompaniment. And the entertainment was really delightful. What was lost in some degree in the great spaces of the Music Hall, was here appreciated more nearly at its full value. The remarkably fine voices which compose this chorus, were at least fairly heard for once, and the excellence of their singing was appreciated; their sound was neither covered up by an overpowering orchestra, nor lost in space. The singers, too, had given it further practice, and felt more at home in the music; and it was sung much better than before. The chorus with Soprano solo at the end of the second part: "Sleep on," was as pure and perfect a piece of chorus singing as we ever heard; equally fine was the solo in it by Miss BEEBE, (who sang the part of the Peri throughout with great sweetness of voice, purity of style, and true artistic feeling); and how rich the undercurrent of the bass voices as they came in with their suggestive independent motive! The series of choruses with solos which compose the grand exciting scene at the end of the first part, were given with great spirit; and the light romantic choruses of the Genii of the Nile, the Houris, &c., were exquisite.

The solos, with the exception of Miss Beebe, were given as before, and all won merited applause, Miss ITA WELSH still growing into favor. The principal solo for the baritone: "And now o'er Syria's rosy plain," omitted before, was beautifully sung by Mr. WINCH; if it produced no marked effect, it was because the music is of a quality which (like many of the finest passages of the work), requires a closer knowledge for the appreciation of its beauty.

—Altogether, the performance was a remarkable success, and nobody will doubt now that The Cecilia is one of our musical forces by all means worth preserving. It has shown what it can do; we look for still better things from it another year.

The only drawback in this repetition was, as we have said, the want of an orchestra. Mr. LANG's attention had to be divided between conducting and playing at the piano, in which latter task he was relieved from time to time by Mr. TUCKER and Mr. ARTHUR FOOTE, a graduate of the last class at Harvard.

NEW YORK, APRIL 12. At the fifth concert of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society, on Saturday evening March 20, the following programme was given:

PART I.  
Symphony No. 1, in D.....Mozart.  
1. Adagio ed Allegro. 2. Andante. 3. Finale  
—Presto.  
Concerto for the violin (new).....Damrosch.  
Dr. Leopold Damrosch,  
Overture, "Leonora," No. 3.....Beethoven.

PART II.  
Symphony No. 3, in A minor, op. 56 [Scotch.]  
Mendelssohn.  
Overture, "Flying Dutchman".....Wagner.  
In Mozart's graceful work passages of airy playfulness alternate with themes of grave tenderness, almost sadness. Although in all of Mozart's music there is a smile behind the tears. The Mendelssohn Symphony is the outcome of what the composer called his "misty Scotch mood;" and a wonderfully suggestive mood it is. There is no finer piece of tone-painting.

Both these works, as well as the "Leonora" overture, were well performed. An attempt to play the overture to the "Flying Dutchman," an interesting specimen of Wagner's earliest style, resulted in utter failure, the piece being distorted almost beyond recognition. It is no disgrace not to be able to play Wagner's music, which opens a field of special study and demands an immense

amount of practice, but it is unfair to give performances which are merely a burlesque of the composer's style. [Is it not sometimes a burlesque on itself? Ed.]

Dr. Dazarosch is an excellent violinist, and a musician who has rendered valuable service in the advancement of music in our city; but the most indulgent of his hearers must have found his violin concerto disappointing and wearisome. A good deal of skill and ingenuity as well as hard study were shown in its construction; but the work is not artistic nor well balanced.

Next on the concert-list came Theodore Thomas' sixth and last Symphony Concert of the season, which took place at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening, April 10th; two symphonies were performed in each of which the composer was represented at his best. Mozart by his Symphony in C, called "Jupiter," and Beethoven by the sublime seventh symphony, which is the very crystallization of the fulness of his powers. Both of these great works were splendidly interpreted, and the concert was such as befits the close of a season of more than ordinary success and artistic significance. The only remaining number upon the programme was Rubinstein's new Concerto for piano and orchestra, No. 5, in E flat, Op. 94, played by Mme. Madeline Schiller. It is a work to be read between the lines and not hastily judged; the themes as a rule are given out boldly by the orchestra, repeated by the piano, and elaborated in a manner which would fairly test the powers of such a Titan among pianists as Rubinstein. Mme. Schiller played the Concerto intelligently and well, receiving two rounds of applause after her performance.

We have had a week of English opera, at the Academy, by the Kellogg troupe, beginning March 29th and terminating April 3d. Balfe's posthumous Opera, "The Talisman," was among the works represented. The attendance was small and the performances do not call for extended notice. These representations are patronized chiefly by a class of people who, while regarding the legitimate Italian Opera as but little better than a device of the evil one, take to it kindly, on local or patriotic grounds, when it is clothed in ill fitting English and interpreted by American singers. I can imagine a kind of English Opera which would be a very pleasing addition to our fund of entertainments and doubtless we may sometime have a theatre, like the Opera Comique in Paris, where the performances are artistic and refined without being stilted, and where the singers attempt no more than they can fairly perform. Miss Kellogg is admirably fitted to take part in such an enterprise, as all know who have heard her sing in "Crispino" or "Fra Diavolo," and kindred works.

Max Maretzek began a brief season of Italian Opera on Friday last with Plotow's "L'Ombra." This opera which is written for four voices only, without chorus, is said to bear a striking resemblance to "Martha." The affair seems to be arranged for the purpose of enabling two young debutants to sing in public on the stage, and it is probably highly gratifying to all concerned.

The Mendelssohn Glee Club gave their third concert [ninth season] on Tuesday evening last. These concerts, being private affairs, do not come within the line of newspaper notice; but I may say that the programme was very interesting, embracing songs by Schumann, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Wagner and others. At this concert I heard several pieces of Chopin music charmingly played by Mr. Richard Hoffman, who also played two of his own compositions.

Mr. Thomas announces two extra concerts, the last of the season, for Friday evening April 16th and Saturday afternoon April 17th. At the evening concert Beethoven's symphony No. 2 in D will be performed, and at the matinee Mendelssohn's "Reformation" symphony. Miss Annie Louise Cary will sing at both concerts.

A. A. C.

### Royal Italian Opera (Covent Garden.)

(From the Musical World.)

Mr. Gye has issued his prospectus of the coming season, which will begin on Easter Tuesday, with a performance of *Guillaume Tell*—a good beginning, as far as choice of opera goes, and a vast improvement upon the *Trovatore* and *Traviata* of a few years back. The document will strike every one as almost stern in its business simplicity. No commercial "report" could be less marked by gush. Nothing, save the orchestra, has a word of praise; and even the *prime donne* are passed with a simple mention of their names. This is as it should be, for two reasons; first, because only thus can the operatic prospectus redeem its character; and next, because the public do not want to be told through its means who and what they are to admire. Familiar operas and well-known artists have had their merits appraised already; while with regard to new works and *debutants*, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and not in the words of those who have

interests at stake. We commend the reticence of Mr. Gye's announcement, therefore, and hope it may be accepted as a model for all future time.

The manager, it will be observed, has not added many fresh names to his list of artists. Nor, on the other hand, has he taken any away from last season's roll. In point of fact it may be said that, substantially, the *troupe* of 1875 is that of 1874. How much this statement involves need scarcely be pointed out. It means Patti, Albani, Vilda, Marimon, D'Angeri, Sinico, Scalchi, Nicolini, Bolis, Bettini, Graziani, Maurel, Cotogni, Faure, Bagaglio, Capponi, Ciampi—not a bad company, we believe, and one that many a subventioned manager would give his eyes to possess. The season might run its course very well with such a band of artists, but, as the public look for some new faces, Mr. Gye promises five *debutants*, respecting whom nothing is said and nothing known. The chief of them, indeed, Mdle. Thalberg, has never yet appeared on any stage, but comes to us, so to speak out of the dark. It is not the fault of this young lady that much is expected of her. She cannot help being the child of her parents, but, nevertheless, their reputation will be present to the minds of the audience when she appears; and in proportion will they raise their hopes. Report goes that Mdle. Thalberg possesses the requisites of eminence in her profession. This, we trust, will prove to be the case, for the sake of the name she bears, as much as for that of the theatre which will run the risk of her *debut*. The remaining new comers—Mdle. Proch, Signor De Sanctis, Herr Seideman, and Signor Tamagno—arouse no feeling of any sort. They will be patiently waited for, and, no doubt, received with the coldness shown by a Covent Garden audience towards all absolutely unknown people.

In other respects, the *personnel* of the establishment remains unchanged. Signor Vianesi and Signor Bevignani continue at their post as joint conductors; Mdle. Girod will be again the principal dancer, in association with two strangers, Mdle. Ricci and Travelli; Mr. Carrodus "leads" the orchestra, Mr. Betjemann the ballet; Mr. Pittman is again organist; Signor Corsi superintends the chorus, and M. Desplaces acts as stage-manager. With regard to the chorus and orchestra, Mr. Gye bids us look for considerable augmentation on particular occasions, which means, it is to be presumed, when Herr Richard Wagner dominates the scene. Otherwise, these important bodies will be in numbers as in excellence, what they have been in seasons past. It must be granted that Mr. Gye has done well to keep his "old guard" about him. They have done their devoir in by-gone campaigns, and nobody who owns a sword of proof lightly throws it away for a new weapon, however the virgin steel may glitter.

Turning to the repertoire of the season we find a list of four operas, concerning which it is said that at least three will be produced. Two of the four are revivals: Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette* being promised after a retirement of seven years; and *Semiramide* after a much longer withdrawal. Rossini's opera is often played at the other houses, and, therefore, will hardly excite curiosity, even with Mdme. Vilda as the Queen, and M. Faure as Assur. The case is different with regard to *Romeo et Juliette*. We have, its true, no longer a Mario to look and act the lover in perfection; but Nicolini is a good substitute as times go, and Patti remains, a better Juliette, if possible, than ever. For others reasons it is well that Mr. Gye has succeeded in removing the obstacles to our further acquaintance with an important, and, in some respects, very interesting work. Herold's *Le Pré aux Clercs* is the third opera promised, but we fear that our chances of hearing it are not great. Mr. Gye announces no cast, neither does he say to whom the labor of adapting the opera for an Italian stage has been entrusted. This disappointment, however, can be borne, provided the promise of Wagner's *Lohengrin* be faithfully carried out. Hardly, we imagine, would a manager venture now to trifle with the public curiosity about Wagner's operas. Time was when only a few cared for them, the rest being content to remain in ignorance. But now amateurs are in earnest, and indisposed to put up with further disappointment.

Mr. Gye, we feel sure, will do what he has said he will; and the event of the season, the talk of the season, we may, perhaps, add the success of the season, cannot fail to be *Lohengrin*. In the cast we find the names of Albani, D'Angeri, Proch, Maurel, Bagaglio, and Nicolini; and as scenery and decorations will, doubtless, prove worthy of the Royal Italian Opera, we may expect a performance of merit such as the composer himself would applaud.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Mr. Varley's Songs. ea. 40  
No. 10. No more. 3. C to G. Booth.

"Earth looked like Heaven, a little while,  
And then,—no more!"

All Mr. Varley's selections are characterized by a very perfect taste, and this is no exception to the rule.

Sleep On. (Cradle Song). 4. G to A. Warren. 30

"Sleep on, sweet babe,  
The storm dies slowly away."

Melody and accompaniment fit together to a charm, and the song is worth singing to the best baby in the land.

Down in the dewy Dell. Trio. 4. Ab to f. Smart. 50

"And the tender blue herbell,  
Bends 'neath the Zephyr's wing."

An elegant trio for ladies' voices.

Tell, Sister, tell. Duet. 4. F to f. White. 60

"Round about the earth we rove,  
Weaving spells of joy and love."

One of the prettiest of fairy duets. Would be very taking in a school concert or exhibition.

Amalia, or Roman Charioteer. 4. C to e. Millard. 60

"Sul al del penser."

Italian and English words. Already noticed in its Soprano arrangement, but is become so famous as to need the CONTRALTO arrangement with simplified accompaniment.

To the Meadow. (Il Prato). 4. Ab to G. Marini. 30

"Glia nel cielo amica stella.  
Lo! the friendly star of evening."

The words have the advantage of Mr. T. T. Barker's fine talent for translation, and this and similar songs are heartily commended as having the grace and easy flow of Italian music without its usual difficulty.

Instrumental.

Charming Compositions of Teresa Carreno.  
No. 8. Dance de Gnome. (Octave Study).  
4. C minor. 40

Somewhere about the 5th page of this, to rest his aching wrists, the player will naturally stop, and turn to the title to see if it really says "charming." But it is splendid "wrist" practice, and good music after it is learned.

La Favorite Galop. 2. G. Aronsen. 40  
Commences in C, and ends in G. Very neat and bright Galop.

Meadow Pink. Brilliant pieces easily arr. by  
Chas. V. Cloy, ea. 30

No. 1. Mazurka. 3. Eb  
" 2. Waltz. 2. G.  
" 3. Polka. 2. G.  
" 4. Quickstep. 2. C.

Truly the "Pinkings of Perfection" for easy pieces. Intended, perhaps, for beginners, but are good enough for anybody.

Oh! Soft Sunshine. Idylle. 3. F. Lichner. 40

An exceedingly graceful and neat piece, such as one might suppose to have been written under the influence of the soft, hazy sunshine of May or October.

Waltz and Polka. 2. G. Rose Coggeshall. 30  
Two short pieces; the "Hope Waltz," and the "Spring Flower Polka." Both very musical and spirited.

Beauties of Ruy Blas. Marchetti.  
No. 3. Waltz. 3. G. Knight. 30  
A bright waltz with a favorite air for basis.

Books.

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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1st to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.



